FRAN

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O·IRWIN·MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent, conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran enlists Abbott in her battle against Grace. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Of course you are lonely, child, but that is your fault. You are in this house on a footing of equality, and all seem to like you, except Miss Grace—and I must say, her disapproval disturbs you very little. But you won't adopt our ways. You make everybody talk by your indiscreet behavior—then wonder that the town shuns your society, and complain because you feel lonesome!"

Fran's eyes filled with tears. "If you believe in me—if you try to like me—that's all I ask. The whole town can talk, if I have you. I don't care for the world and its street corners—there are no street corners in my world."

"But, child—"

"You never call me Fran if you can help it," she interposed passionately. "Even the dogs have names. Call me by mine; it's Fran. Say it, say it. Call me—oh, father, father, I want your love."

"Hush!" he gasped, ashen pale. "You will be overheard."

She extended her arms wildly: "What do you know about God, except that He's Father. That's all—Father—and you worship Him as His son. Yet you want me to care for your religion. Then why don't you show me the way to God? Can you love Him and deny your own child? Am I to pray to him as my Father in Heaven, but not dare acknowledge my father on earth? No! I don't know how others feel, but I'll have to reach heavenly things through human things. And I tell you that you are standing between me and God."

"Hush, hush!" cried Gregory. "Child! this is sacrilege!"

"No, it is not. I tell you, I can't see God, because you're in the way. You pray 'Our Father who art in Heaven . . . give us this day our daily bread.' And I pray to you, and I say, My father here on earth, give—give me—your love. That's what I want—nothing else—I want it so bad. . . . I'm dying for it, father, can't you understand? Look—I'm praying for it—" She threw herself wildly at his feet.

Deeply moved, he tried to lift her from the ground.

"No," cried Fran, scarcely knowing what she said, "I will not get up till you grant my prayer. I'm not asking for the full, rich love a child has the right to expect—but give me a crust, to keep me alive—father, give me my daily bread. You needn't think God is going to answer your prayers, if you refuse mine."

Hamilton Gregory took her in his arms and held her to his breast. "Fran," he said brokenly, "my unfortunate child . . . my daughter—oh, why were you born?"

"Yes," sobbed Fran, resting her head upon his bosom, "yes, why was I born?"

"You break my heart," he sobbed with her. "Fran, say the word, and I will tell everything; I will acknowledge you as my daughter, and if my wife—"

Fran shook her head. "You owe no more to my mother than to her," she said, catching her breath. "No, the secret must be kept—always. Father—I must never call you that except when we are alone—I must always whisper it, like a prayer—father, let me be your secretary."

It was strange that this request should surround Fran with the chill atmosphere of a tomb. His embrace relaxed insensibly. He looked at his daughter in frightened bewilderment, as if afraid she had drawn him too far from his security for further hiding. During the silence, she awaited his decision.

It was because of her tumultuous emotions that she failed to hear advancing footsteps.

"Some one is coming," he exclaimed, with ill-concealed relief. "We mustn't be seen thus—we would be misunderstood." He strode to the window, and pretended to look out. His face cleared momentarily.

The door opened, and Grace Noir started in, then paused significantly. "Am I interrupting?" she asked, in quiescent accent.

"Certainly not," Gregory breathed freedom. His surprise was so joyful that he was carried beyond himself. "Grace! It's Grace! Then you didn't go to the city with Bob. There wasn't any train—"

"I am here—" began Grace easily—

"Yes, of course, that's the main thing," his delight could not be held in check. "You are here, indeed! And you are looking—I mean you look well—I mean you are not ill—your return is so unexpected."

"I am here," she steadily persisted, "because I learned something that affects my interests. I went part of the way with Mr. Clinton, but after thinking over what had been told me, I decided to leave the train at the next station. I have been driven back in a carriage. I may as well tell you, Mr. Gregory, that I am urged to accept a responsible position in Chicago."

He understood that she referred to marriage with Robert Clinton. "But—" he began, very pale.

She repeated, "A responsible position in Chicago. And I was told, this morning, that while I was away, Fran meant to apply for the secretaryship, thus taking advantage of my absence."

"My Unfortunate Child—My Daughter—Oh, Why Were You Born."

Fran's face looked oddly white and old, in its oval of black hair. "Who told you this truth?" she demanded, with a menacing gleam of teeth.

"Who knew of your intentions?" the other gracefully said. "But this is no matter. The point is that I have this Chicago opportunity. So if Mr. Gregory wants to employ you, I must know it at once, to make my arrangements accordingly."

"Can you imagine," Hamilton cried reproachfully, "that without any warning, I would make a change? Certainly not. I have no intention of employing Fran. The idea is impossible. More than that, it is—er—it is absolutely preposterous. Would I calmly tear down what you and I have been building up so carefully?"

"Then you had already refused Fran before I came?"

"I had—hadn't I, Fran?"

Fran gave her father a look such as had never before come into her dark eyes—a look of reproach, a look that said, "I cannot fight back because of the agony in my heart." She went away silent and with downcast head.

CHAPTER XV.

In Sure-Enough Country.

One morning, more than a month after the closing days of school, Abbott Ashton chanced to look from his bedroom window as Hamilton Gregory's buggy, with Fran in it, passed. Long fishing-poles projected from the back of the buggy.

By Fran's side, Abbott discovered a man. True it was "only" Simon Jefferson; still, for all his fifty years and his weak heart, it was not as if it were some pleasant, respectable woman—say Simon's mother. However, old ladies do not sit upon creek-banks.

The thought of sitting upon the bank of a stream suggested to Abbott that it would be agreeable to pursue his studies in the open air. He snatched up some books and went below.

On the green veranda he paused to inhale the fragrance of the roses. "I'm glad you've left your room," said Miss Sapphira, all innocence, all kindness. "You'll study yourself to death. It won't make any more of life to take it hard—there's just so much for every man."

Huge and serious, Miss Sapphira sat in the shadow of the bay-window. Against the wall were arranged sturdy r ound-backed wooden chairs, each of which could have received the landlady's person without a quiver of a spindle. Everything about Abbott seemed too carefully ordered—he pined for the woods—some mossy bank sloping to a purling stream.

Suddenly Miss Sapphira grew ponderously significant. Her massive head trembled from a weight of meaning not to be lifted lightly in mere words, her double chins consolidated, and her mouth became as the granite door of a cave sealed against the too-curious.

Abbott paused uneasily before his meditated flight—"Have you heard any news?"

She answered almost tragically, "Board meeting, tonight."

Ordinarily, teachers for the next year were selected before the close of the spring term; only those "on the inside" knew that the fateful board meeting had been delayed week after week because of disagreement over the superintendency. There was so much dissatisfaction over Abbott Ashton—because of "so much talk"—that even Robert Clinton had thought it best to wait, that the young man might virtually be put upon good behavior.

"Tonight," the young man repeated with a thrill. He realized how important this meeting would prove in shaping his future.

"Yes," she said warningly. "And Bob is determined to do his duty. He never went very far in his own education because he didn't expect to be a school-teacher—but ever since he's been chairman of the school-board, he's aimed to have the best teachers, so the children can be taught right; most of 'em are poor and may want to teach, too, when they're grown. I think all the board'll be for you tonight, Abbott, and I've been glad to notice that for the last month, there's been less talk. And by the way," she added, "that Fran-girl went by with Simon Jefferson just now, the two of them in Brother Gregory's buggy. They're going to Blubb's Riffle—he with his weak heart, and her with that sly smile of hers, and it's a full three mile!"

Abbott did not volunteer that he had seen them pass, but his face showed the ostensible integrity of a jam-thief, who for once finds himself innocent when missing jam is mentioned.

She was not convinced by his look of guilelessness. "You seem to be carrying away your books."

"I want to breathe in this June morning without taking it strained through window-screens," he explained.

Miss Sapphira gave something like a choked cough, and compressed her lips. "Abbott," she said, looking at him sidewise, "please step to the telephone, and call up Bob—he's at the store. Tell him to leave the clerk in charge and hitch up and take me for a little drive. I want some of this June morning myself."

Abbott obeyed with alacrity. On his return, Miss Sapphira said, "Bob's going to fight for you at the board meeting, Abbott. We'll do what we can, and I hope you'll help yourself."

As Abbott went down the fragrant street with its cool hose-refreshed pavements, its languorous shadows athwart rose-bush and picket fence, its hopeful weeds already peering through crevices where plank sidewalks maintained their worm-eaten right of way, he was in no dewy-morning mood. He understood what those wise nods had meant, and he was in no frame of mind for such wisdom. He meant to go far, far away from the boarding-house, from the environment of schools and school-boards, from Littleburg with its atmosphere of ridiculous gossip.

Of course he could have gone just as far, if he had not chosen the direction of Blubb's Riffle—but he had to take some direction. He halted before he came in sight of the stream; if Fran had a mind to fish with Simon Jefferson, he would not spoil her sport.

He found a comfortable log where he might study under the gracious sky. He did not learn much—there seemed a bird in every line.

When he closed his books, scarcely knowing why, and decided to ramble, it was with no intention of seeking Fran. Miss Sapphira might have guessed what would happen, but in perfect innocence, the young man strolled, seeking a grassy by-road, seldom used, redolent of brush, tree, vine, dust-laden weed. It was a road where the sun seemed almost a stranger; a road gone to sleep and dreaming of the feet of stealthy Indians, of noisy settlers, and skillful trappers. All such fretful bits of life had the old road drained into oblivion, and now it

He Understood What Those Wise Nods Had Meant.

seemed to call on Abbott to share their fate, the fate of the forgotten.

But the road lost its mystic meaning when Abbott discovered Fran. Suddenly it became only a road—nay, it became nothing. It seemed that the sight of Fran always made wreckage of the world about her.

She was sitting in the Gregory buggy, but, most surprising of all, there was no horse between the shafts—no horse was to be seen, anywhere. Best of all, no Simon Jefferson was visible. Fran in the buggy—that was all. Slow traveling, indeed, even for this sleepy old road!

"Not in a hurry, are you?"

"I've arrived," Fran said, in unfriendly tone.

"Are you tired of fishing, Fran?"

"Yes, and of being fished."

She had closed the door in his face, but he said—as through the keyhole—"Does that mean for me to go away?"

"You are a pretty good friend, Mr. Ashton," she said with a curl of her lip, "I mean—when we are alone."

"'While we're together, and after we part,'" he quoted. "Fran, surely you don't feel toward me the way you are looking."

"Exactly as I'm looking at you, that's the way I feel. Stand there as long as you please—"

"I don't want to stand a moment longer. I want to sit with you in the buggy. Please don't be so—so old!"

Fran laughed out musically, but immediately declared: "I laughed because you are unexpected; it doesn't mean I like you any better. I hate friendship that shows itself only in private. Mr. Chameleon, I like people to show their true colors."

"I am not Mr. Chameleon, and I want to sit in your buggy."

"Well, then get in the very farthest corner. Now look me in the eyes."

"And, oh, Fran, you have such eyes! They are so marvelously—er—unfriendly."

"I'm glad you ended up that way. Now look me in the eyes. Suppose you should see the school-board sailing down the road, Miss Sapphira thrown in. What would you do?"

"What should I do?"

"Hide, I suppose," said Fran, suddenly rippling.

"Then you look me in the eyes and listen to me," he said impressively. "Weigh my words—have you scales strong enough?"

"Put 'em on slow and careful."

"I am not Mr. Chameleon for I show my true color. And I am a real friend, no matter what kind of tree I am—" He paused, groping for a word.

"Up?" she suggested, with a sudden chuckle. "All right—let the school-board come. But you don't seem surprised to see me here in the buggy without Mr. Simon."

"When Mr. Simon comes he'll find me right here," Abbott declared. "Fran, please don't be always showing your worst side to the town; when you laugh at people's standards, they think you queer—and you can't imagine just how much you are to me."

"Huh!" Fran sniffed. "I'd hate to be anybody's friend and have my friendship as little use as yours has been to me."

He was deeply wounded. "I've tried to give good advice—"

"I don't need advice, I want help in carrying out what I already know." Her voice vibrated. "You're afraid of losing your position if you have anything to do with me. Of course I'm queer. Can I help it, when I have no real home, and nobody cares whether I go or stay?"

"You know I care, Fran."

Fran caught her lip between her teeth as if to hold herself steady. "Oh, let's drive," she said recklessly, striking at the dashboard with a whip, and shaking her hair about her face till she looked the elfish child he had first known.

"Fran, you know I care—you know it."

"We'll drive into Sure-Enough Country," she said with a half-smile showing on the side of her face next him. "Whoa! Here we are. All who live in Sure-Enough Country are sure-enough people—whatever they say is true. Goodness!" She opened her eyes very wide—"It's awful dangerous to talk in Sure-Enough Country." She put up her whip, and folded her hands.

"I'm glad we're here, Fran, for you have your friendly look."

"That's because I really do like you. Let's talk about yourself—how you expect to be what you'll be—you're nothing yet, you know, Abbott; but how did you come to determine to be something?"

Into Abbott's smile stole something tender and sacred. "It was all my mother," he explained simply. "She died before I received my state certificate, but she thought I'd be a great man—so I am trying for it."

"And she'll never know," Fran lamented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Not Fair Chance in Life.

Recent statistics as to the life history of the inmates of the Elmira (N. Y.) reformatory, the prison to which offenders under the age of 25 are sent on their first conviction, show that 60 per cent. of them were raised in orphan asylums.

Seeds for Farm Woodlot

Sufficient Stock Can Be Easily Procured at Home for Cordwood and Fence Post Crop.

By E. C. Pegg, Department of Forestry, University of Missouri, Columbia

Seeds for fence posts? Or for cordwood? Or what? Those questions the timber farmer must answer before he begins to collect seed for the woodlot.

In general, the kind of trees to be found in a farm woodlot are those which occur naturally in the particular section of the country, provided they will furnish material suitable for farm needs. If they will not, then get trees which will. The hardy catalpa, black locust, osage orange, black walnut and Kentucky coffee bean make excellent fence posts. These trees grow rapidly. Many of the oaks are suitable for lumber and cordwood, but are more slow growing. Each timber grower can think up for himself a long list of good trees which will give just the class of product desired and will furnish it within a reasonable length of time.

Having determined the species to be used, the next step is to secure seed. Sufficient stock can easily be grown at home, and much cheaper than it can be purchased.

Three and three-quarter bushels white oak acorns collected by three men in two hours.

Seed collecting should begin whenever the seed ripens. The time varies with different species and different individuals of the same species. Furthermore, good, vigorous, well-formed trees, preferably open-grown, should be selected to furnish the seed. A few trees, such as the elms, soft maples, river birch, etc., mature their fruit in the spring. The seeds are very short-lived and have to be planted at once. They may be collected by catching them on sheets or blankets or by sweeping them up from the ground. Almost all of the more important timber trees mature their fruit in the fall, and, with the exception of the aspens and cottonwoods, may be preserved over winter.

The acorns of the oaks, nuts of the hickories, and walnuts can easily be shaken from the trees after two or three hard frosts and picked up from the ground. Acorns germinate rapidly if they fall among leaves where it is moist. They should be collected at once. The cups and husks should be removed. The easiest and most rapid method of hulling walnuts is to run them through a corn sheller while green and pick them from the hull.

The pods of the Kentucky coffee bean and black locust, balls of the sycamore, the fruit of the hackberry, cherry, ashes, etc., can most readily be secured by picking them from the tree. Seeds of black locust and catalpa can be most readily separated from the pods by hand shelling. Others, such as mulberry, osage orange, honey locust and Kentucky coffee bean, are easily separated if the fruits are first macerated in water. They then should be put out in thin layers and dried slowly.

Seeds of nearly all species are better for a little careful drying after they are collected. This process removes all superficial moisture and prevents early germination and moulding. Whole crops of acorns are lost because they have not been properly dried within a very few days after gathering. Drying may be done by spreading the seeds in thin layers in a cold, dry place and stirring frequently. Nut fruits should be treated with carbon bisulphide to prevent damage by weevils.

The vitality of seeds depends largely upon the care given to their winter storage. Fruits which remain on the tree over winter may be placed in paper bags and hung in a cool, dry place. Those which fall, such as acorns and nuts, should be "stratified." Stratifying is done as follows:

Put about two inches of moist sand in the bottom of a box, then a layer of seeds not to exceed three inches in depth, then another layer of sand. The boxes should then be buried in the ground.

Another method is to dig a pit in the ground, about 18 inches deep, and cover the bottom to a depth of three inches with coarse sand or gravel, then put in a layer of nuts, cover with leaves or straw and heap a mound of dirt on the top to shed water. It is absolutely essential that the drainage be good.

Seed should remain in storage until time for planting in the spring.

MULCH FOR STRAWBERRIES

USE OF WHEAT STRAW PREVENTS "HEAVING."

By J. C. Whitten, Professor of Horticulture, University of Missouri.

About the time the ground begins to freeze the strawberry plants should be mulched for winter.

Strawberries need mulching to prevent frost from "heaving" the plants out of the ground, loosening and raising the roots by the lifting action of the frost in the soil; to prevent alternate freezing and thawing when warm, sunny days of winter are succeeded by cold nights; to keep down weed growth between the plants in spring; to hold the moisture in the spring, since the strawberry needs an abundance of moisture at the time of ripening; to keep the berries clean by keeping them from direct contact with the ground and from being spattered by mud during spring rains; to keep the soil cool and prolong the bearing period of the fruit in case prematurely hot spring weather comes on.

The best time to apply the mulch is when the ground first begins to freeze in the early winter. It should not be applied much before this time, as the plants grow until they begin freezing and are likely to be smothered if covered by the mulch before their growth has been checked by severe frosts. It is well to put the mulch on as soon as possible after the ground begins to freeze, for the reason that alternate freezing and thawing in early winter may lift the plants and loosen their roots.

The most generally available material for mulching strawberries is wheat straw. Wheat straw as free from wheat seeds as possible should be selected. Wheat seeds in the mulch will sprout in spring and promote weediness in the strawberry field. Ordinarily the chaff pile adjacent to the threshing machine should not be used for mulching, as it is too full of foul seed.

If wheat straw is not available, perhaps the next best mulch is wild prairie hay. For the most part this hay is composed of species that do not produce seed freely, and its merit lies chiefly in the fact that it is reasonably free from foul seed. Frequently the inquiry is made if timothy, clover, red top or ordinary hay made from domestic grasses, if spoiled in curing, may be used for strawberry mulching. It is not advisable to use such hay, for the reason that timothy seed, clover seed or red top seed may be abundant and are among the worst seeds that could be got into a strawberry field.

For small home gardens, the leaves raked from under shade trees are sometimes employed as mulch. They are not the best mulch, for the reason that most species of leaves lie too flat on the ground and are likely to smother the plants during the winter or in the spring. Such leaves may be used freely between the rows of plants and there make an efficient mulch. They should not be spread at all thickly, however, directly over the rows of plants themselves, on account of their tendency to smother.

QUEER THING IS THE TURTLE

Scotch Naturalist of Wide Repute Declares It Is Neither Fish, Flesh Nor Fowl.

According to Macdonald, a Scotch naturalist of wide repute, the turtle is the strangest of all living things and the most unfathomable. He can live in the water as well as out of it and can seemingly go for indefinite lengths of time without air or food or light.

He is neither fish nor flesh nor fowl, and yet he has the characteristics of all three. As for his eating, it seems quite superfluous, for he can remain shut up in a barrel for a number of weeks and emerge at the end of the time apparently done the worse for the lack of food and light and air.

The baby turtle seems also just as indifferent to its surroundings as its parents are. As soon as it comes forth from its egg it scuttles off to the sea. It has no one to teach or guide it. In its brain seems implanted the idea that until its armor becomes hard it has no defense against hungry fish and it seeks shelter in gulf weed and feeds unmolested until its armor gets hard.

By the time that it weighs 25 pounds, which occurs the first year, it knows that it is far from all danger, for after that no fish, however hungry or well armed with teeth, can interfere. The turtle immediately withdraws its head into its neck between the two shells, and all intending devourers struggle in vain to impress it.

Sudden Change.

To illustrate the difficulty which attends any attempt to part the average man from his money for a church purpose collection, Bishop Murray recently told this story at a gathering in the Green Spring valley. It seems that a certain church had a very well-kept cemetery surrounded by a good fence, which fence was one night blown down by a violent storm. A meeting of the church members was held to consider the rebuilding of the fence, and the vote of ninety-five to five. This point being decided, the minister announced that contributions to pay for the rebuilding would be next in order. The announcement was received in unenthusiastic silence, broken at last by a member who rose to object to the rebuilding of the fence.

"If you think it over," he argued, "you will see we don't need that fence. For, gentlemen, those who are inside the cemetery can't get out, and those outside certainly don't want to get in, so what use is a fence after all? I move to recall the vote."

And recalled it was by a vote of 100 to 0. JOHN WINK.

Why She Was Quitting.

A famous Ohio humorist says that a new rich family in Cleveland, who were beginning to put on a lot of airs, hired a colored girl just arrived from the south to act as their serving-maid. Her new mistress insisted that all meals should be served in courses. Even when there wasn't much to eat it was brought to the table in courses.

At the end of a week the girl threw up her job. Being pressed for a reason for quitting so suddenly, she said: "I'll tell you, lady. In dis yere house dere's too much shiftin' of de dishes fur de fewness of de vittles."

FEET TAKE PLACE OF HANDS

English Woman, Born Without Arms, Has Taught Herself to Sew, Cook and Write.

At Eastbourne, says an English paper, resides a woman probably without an equal in the country. She was born minus arms yet she can do almost anything with her feet. Her name is Mrs. Peirce of Tower street, and recently she attended a dinner given to the old people of the town by the local lodge of Buffaloes.

She surprised everybody present by placing her feet upon the table, and picking up the knife and fork with marvelous dexterity commenced to enjoy the feast. She manipulated the knife and fork quite as well as any ordinary person would with her hands, and although she looked very uncomfortable with her feet on the table, she was quite at ease.

One had to look very closely to discern that Mrs. Peirce was actually using her feet, and had any one been looking round and had not known of her infirmity, they would have passed without noticing anything, so natural did she look.

As a housewife, Mrs. Peirce is truly wonderful. She cooks the dinner, cleans the house; in fact, she fulfills—and very creditably, too—almost all of the duties of a housewife.

Theater Used as a Stable.

The Turkish theater of Mustapha Pasha is, in the opinion of convoy experts, the most convenient stable they have found in the length and breadth of the peninsula.

The pit boxes serve for mules, horses, or oxen; the galeries are crammed with hay and straw; the balcony is a reservoir for oats; the stage is a surgical center for operations on wounded animals, while the green room is a special haunt of buffaloes.

Her Grief.

He—Why don't you give me a dance before midnight?

Young Widow—Well, you see at 11:30 tonight it will be a year since my husband's death. I must honor his memory properly, and not dance until after the year is up.

Alfalfa Is Important Crop.

Alfalfa is one of the most important forage crops that the Missouri farmer is growing today. Its wide adaptability for feeding, its high feeding value and its beneficial effect upon the soil make it a very desirable crop to grow. The idea that it cannot be grown successfully in Missouri is largely a matter of not understanding the requirements of the plant. When these become better understood alfalfa will be grown to a greater or less degree in practically every section of the state. In the richer sections it will be grown on the uplands, and in the less fertile sections it will be grown in the fertile valleys and bottoms.

Limited Temperance.

The first temperance society was formed in New England and its pledge read: "We, the undersigned, believing in the evil effect of strong drink, do hereby pledge ourselves on our sacred honor that we will not get drunk more than four times a year—Muster day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas."

Why Wood Decays.

Wood does not decay for the same reason that iron rusts or that rock weathers, but because of the destruction of the tissues of the wood by low forms of plant life, called fungi. These plant forms live inside the wood, breaking down the wood fibers and producing what is called decay. After they have gained a strong foothold in the wood the fungus plant produces the characteristic fruiting bodies or shelves so common on the outside of decaying wood. In these the spores are produced which are scattered by the wind, spreading the decay to other wood.

Where It Has the Advantage.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," said the ready-made philosopher. "I don't quite see how the adage applies to current conditions," commented the man with a practical mind. "It probably refers to the fact that the sword as now worn is entirely harmless, while a fountain pen can explode in a way that will ruin a 45 suit of clothes in five seconds."—Washington Star.